FOR PROHIBITION.

Dr. Talmage on the Evils of Intemperance.

The Terrible Effect of Excesses—Suggestions as to Methods of Destroying the Vice of Drunkenness—The Supreme Court Decision Criticised.

In a late sermon at Brooklyn Rev. T. De Witt Talmage discoursed on the evils of intemperance. His text was Genesis, xxxvii. 33: "It is my son's coat; an evil beast hath devoured him." He said:

Joseph's brethren dipped their brother's coat in goat's blood and then brought the dabbled garment to their father, cheating him with the idea that a ferocious animal had slain him, and thus hiding their infamous behavior. But there is no deception about that which we hold up to your observation to-day. A monster such as never ranged African thicket or Hindostan jungle hath tracked this land and with bloody maw hath strewn the continent with the mangled carcasses of whole generations; and there are tens of thousands of fathers and mothers who could hold up the garment of their slain boy, truthfully exclaiming: "It is my son's coat; an evil beast hath devoured him." There has, in all ages and climes, been a tendency to the improper use of stimulants. Noah, as if disgusted with the prevalence of water in his time, took to strong drink. By this vice Alexander the Conqueror was conquered. The Romans at their feasts fell off their seats with intoxication. Four hundred millions of our race are opium eaters. India, Turkey and China have groaned with the desolation; and by it have been quenched such lights as Halley and De Quincey. One hundred millions are the victims of the betelnut, which has specially blasted the East Indies. Three hundred millions have hashish, and Persia, Brazil and Africa suffer the delirium. The Tartars employ murowa, the Mexicans the agave, the people at Guarapo an intoxicating quality taken from sugar cane, while a great multitude, that no man can number, are the disciples of alcohol. To it they bow. Under it they are trampled. In its trenches they fall.

Drunkenness: Does it not jingle the burglar's key? Does it not whet the assassin's knife? Does it not cock the highwayman's pistol? Does it not wave the incendiary's torch? Has it not sent the physician's reeling into the sick room; and the minister with his tongue thick into the pulpit? Did not an exquisite poet, from the very top of his fame, fall a-gibbering not into the gutter on his way to be married to one of the fairest daughters of New England, at the very hour the bride was decking herself for the altar; and did he not die of delirium tremens, almost unattended, in a hospital?

The Sabbath has been sacrificed to the rum traffic. To many of our people the best day of the week is the worst. Bakers must keep their shops closed on the Sabbath. It is dangerous to have loaves of bread going out on Sunday. The shoe store is closed; severe penalty will attack the man who sells boots on the Sabbath. But down with the window shutters of the grogshops! Our laws shall confer particular honor upon the rum-traffickers. All other trades must stand aside for these. Let our citizens who have disgraced themselves by trafficking in clothing, and hats, and hardware, and lumber, and coal, take off their hats to the rum-sellers, elected to particular honor. It is unsafe for any other class of men to be allowed license for Sunday work. But away out your signs, O ye traffickers in the souls of families and in the souls of immortal men! Let the corks fly, and the beer foam, and the rum go tearing down the half consumed throat of the inebriate. Men! Let the Sabbath of God's merriment chariot. Does not God see? Does her Judgments will never come! Will it?

I do not know but that God is determined to let drunkenness triumph and the husbands and sons of thousands of our best families be destroyed by this vice, in order that our people, amazed and indignant, may rise up and demand the extermination of this municipal crime. There is a way of driving down the hoops of a barrel so tight that they break. We have, in this country, at various times tried to regulate this evil by a tax on whisky. You might as well try to regulate the Asiatic cholera or the small-pox by taxation.

O, the folly of trying to restrain an evil by Government tariff! If every gallon of whisky made—if every flask of wine produced, should be taxed $1,000, it would not be enough to pay for the tears it has wrung from the eyes of widows and orphans, nor for the blood it has dashed on the Christian Church, nor for the catastrophe of the millions it has destroyed forever.

I sketch two houses in this street. The first is bright as home can be. The father comes at nightfall, and the children run out to meet him. Luxuriant evening meal. Gratulation, and sympathy, and laughter. Music in the parlor. Fine pictures on the wall. Costly books on the stand. Well clad household. Plenty of every thing to make home happy.

House second: Piano sold yesterday by the sheriff. Wife's furs at pawnbroker's shop. Clock gone. Daughter's jewelry sold to get flour. Carpets gone off the floor. Daughter's faded and patched dresses. Wife's once fair face, now scarred with ugly wound on her face, struck in an angry blow. Deep shadow of wretchedness falling in every room. Door bell rings. Little children hide. Daughters turn pale. Wife holds her breath. Blundering step in the hall: Door opens. Fiend, breathing taking his fist, cries: "Out! out! What are you doing here?"

Did I call this house the second? No! It is the same house. Rum transformed it. Rum embruted the man. Rum sold the shawl. Rum tore up the carpets. Rum shook his fist. Rum desolated the hearth. Rum changed that paradise into a hell!

I sketch two men that you know very well. The first graduated from one of our literary institutions. His father, mother, brothers and sisters were present to see him graduate. They heard the applauding thunders that greeted his speech. They saw the bouquets tossed to his feet. They saw the degree conferred and the diploma given. He never looked so well. Every body said: "What a noble boy! What a fine eye! What graceful manners! What brilliant prospects!" All the world rejoices before him and cries: "Hurrah! hurrah!"

Man the second: Lies in the station house. The doctor has just been sent for to bind up the gashes received in a fight. His hair is matted and makes him look like a wild beast. His lip is bloody and cut. Who is this battered and bruised wretch that was picked up by the police and carried in drunk and foul and bleeding? Did I call him the second? He is man the first! Rum transformed him. Rum destroyed his prospects. Rum disappointed parental expectation. Rum withered those garlands of commencement day. Rum cut down that man flushed out his warm blood, and mashed that young man, scattered ruin!

This foul thing gives one who to lie scythe and our best merchants fall; their stores are sold and they sink into dishonored graves. Again it swings its scythe and some of our best physicians fall into sufferings that their vilest prescriptions can not cure. Again it swings

its scythe and ministers of the Gospel fall from the heights of Zion with long resounding crash of ruin and shame. Some of your own households have already been shaken. Perhaps you can hardly admit it; but where was your son last night? Where was he Friday night? Where was he Thursday night? Wednesday night? Tuesday night? Monday night? Nay, have not some of you in your own bodies felt the power of this habit?

I have shown you the evil beast. The question is, who will hunt him down, and how shall we shoot him? I answer, first, by getting our children right on this subject. Let them grow up with an utter aversion to strong drink. Take care how you administer it even as medicine. If you find that they have a natural love for it, as some have, put in a glass of it some horrid stuff and make it utterly nauseous. Teach them, as faithfully as you do the Bible, that rum is a fiend. Take them to the almshouse and show them the wreck and ruin it works. Walk with them into the homes that have been scourged by it. If a drunkard hath fallen into a ditch, take them right up where they can see his face, bruised, savage and swollen, and say: "Look, my son. Rum did that!" Looking out of your window at some one who, intoxicated to madness, goes through the street brandishing his fist, blaspheming God, a howling, defying, shooting, reeling, raving and foaming maniac, say to your son: "Look; that man was once a child like you." As you go by the grogshop, let them know that that is the place where men are slain, and their wives made paupers, and their children slaves. Hold out to your children all warnings, all rewards, all counsels, lest in after days they break your heart and curse your gray hairs.

Again: We will battle this evil by voting only for sober men. How many men are there who can rise above the feelings of partisanship, and demand that our officials shall be sober men?

I maintain that the question of sobriety is higher than the question of availability; and that, however eminent a man's services may be, if he have habits of intoxication, he is unfit for any office in the gift of a Christian people.

Again: We will war upon this evil by organized societies. The friends of the rum traffic have banded together; annually issue their circulars; raise fabulous sums of money to advance their interests, and by grips, passwords, signs and stratagems, set at defiance public morals. Let us confront them with organizations just as secret, and if need be with grips, and passwords, and signs, maintain our position. There is no need that our philanthropic societies tell all their plans. I am in favor of all lawful strategy in the carrying on of this conflict.

Again: We will try the power of the pledge. There are thousands of men who have been saved by putting their names to such a document. I know its laughed at; but there are some men who, having once promised a thing, do it. "Some have broken the pledge." Yes; they were liars. But all men are not liars. I do not say that it is the duty of all persons to make such signature; but I do say that it would be the salvation of many of you.

Again: We expect great things from inebriate asylums. They have already done a glorious work. I think that we are coming at last to treat inebriation as it ought to be treated, namely: As an awful disease, self-inflicted, to be sure, but nevertheless a disease. Once fastened upon a man, sermons won't cure him; temperance lectures will not eradicate it; religious tracts will not remove it; the Gospel of Christ will not arrest it. Once under the power of dark thirst the man is bound to go on; and, if the foaming glass were on the other side of perdition he would wade through the fires of hell to get it.

Stand not, when the thirst is on him, between a man and his cups. Clear the track for him. Away with the children; He would tread their life out. Away with the wife; he would dash her to death. Away with the cross; he would run it down. Away with the Bible; he would tear it up for the winds. Away with Heaven; he considers it worthless as a straw. "Give me the drink! Give it to me! Though the hands of blood pass up the bowl, and the soul trembles over the pit—the drink! give it to me! Though it be pale that wastes though the froth of everlasting anguish float on the foam—give it to me! I drink to my wife's woe, to my children's rags; to my eternal banishment from God, and hope, and Heaven! Give it to me! the drink!"

Again, we will contend against the evils by trying to persuade the respectable classes of society to the banishment of alcoholic beverages. You who move in elegant and refined associations; you who drink the best liquors; you who never drink until you lose your balance, let us look each other in the face on this subject. You have, under God, in your power the redemption of this land from drunkenness. Empty your cellars and wine closets of the beverage and then come out and give us your hand, your vote, your prayers, your sympathies. Do that and I will promise three things: First, that you will find unspeakable happiness in having done your duty. Secondly, you will save somebody—perhaps your own child. Thirdly, you will not, in your last hour, have a regret that you made the sacrifice, if sacrifice it be.

As long as you make drinking respectable drinking customs will prevail, and the plow share of death, drawn by the terrible disasters, will go on turning up this whole continent from end to end, with the long, deep, awful furrow of drunkards' graves.

There is no home so beautiful but it may be devastated by the awful curse. It throws its jargon into the sweetest harmony. What was it that silenced Sheridan, the English orator, and shattered the golden scepter with which he swayed Parliaments and courts? What foul spirit turned the sweet rhythm of Robert Burns into a tuneless babble? What brought down the majestic form of one who awed the American Senate with his eloquence, and after awhile carried him home dead drunk? What was it that swamped the noble spirit of one of the heroes of the last war, until, in a drunken fit, he reeled from the deck of a Western steamer and was drowned? There was one whose voice we all loved to hear. He was one of the most classic orators of the century. People wondered why a man of so pure a heart and so excellent a life should have such a sad countenance always. They knew not that his wife was a sot. I call upon those who are guilty of these indulgences to quit the path of death. Of what a change it would make in your home! Do you see how every thing there is being desolated? Would you not like to bring back joy to your wife's heart and have your children come out to meet you with as much confidence as once they showed? Would you not like to rekindle the home lights that long ago were extinguished? It is not too late to change. It may not entirely obliterate from your soul the memory of wasted years and a ruined reputation, nor smooth out from your anxious brow the wrinkles which trouble has plowed. It may not call back unblotted words uttered or rough deeds done; for perhaps in these early morning struck less! It may not take from your memory the bitter thoughts connected with some little grave. But it is not too late to save yourself and secure for God and your family the remainder of your fast going life.

But perhaps you have not utterly gone astray. I may address one who may not have quite made up his mind. Let your better nature speak out. You take one side or the other in the war against drunkenness. Have you the courage to put your foot down right and say to your companions and friends: "I will never drink intoxicating liquor in all my life; nor will I countenance the habit in others?" Have nothing to do with strong drink. It has turned the earth into a place of skulls, and has stood opening the gate to a lost world to let in the victims until now the doomed swings no more upon its hinges, but, day and night, stands wide open to let in the agonized procession of doomed men.

Do I address one whose regular work in life is to administer to this appetite? For God's sake get out of that business! If a woe be pronounced upon the man who gives his neighbor drink, how many woes must be hanging over the man who does this every day and every hour of the day!

Do not think that because human government may license you that therefore God licenses you. I am surprised to hear you men say that they respect the "original package" decision, by which the Supreme Court of the United States allows rum to be taken into States like Kansas, which have decided against the sale of intoxicants. I have no respect for a wrong decision. I care not who makes it. The three Judges of the Supreme Court who gave a minority report against that decision were right, and the Chief Justice was wrong. The right of a State to defend itself against the rum traffic will yet be demonstrated. The Supreme Court withstanding. Higher than the judicial bench at Washington is the throne of the Lord God Almighty. No municipal, National, State or municipal, can give you the right to carry on a business whose one effect is destruction.

God knows better than you do yourself the number of drinks you have poured out. You keep a list, but a more accurate list has been kept than yours. You may call it Burgundy, Bourbon, Heidsieck, sour mash or beer. God calls it strong drink. Whether you sell it in a low oyster cellar or behind the polished counter of a first class hotel, the divine curse is upon you. I tell you plainly that you will meet your customers one day when there will be no counter between you. When your work is done on earth and you enter the reward of your business, all the souls of the men whom you have destroyed will crowd around you and pour their bitterness into your cup. They will show you their wounds and say, "You made them," and point to their unquenchable thirst and say, "You kindled it," and rattle their chains and say, "You forged it." Then their united groans will unite your ear, and with the hands out of which you once picked the sixpences and the dimes, they will push you off the verge of great precipices, while rolling up from beneath and breaking among the crags of death, will thunder, "Woe to him that giveth his neighbor drink!"

GENERAL MITRE ARMS CONTI-

Paris, July 30.—General Mitre, who was formerly President of the Argentine Republic and who has been residing here for some time, has suddenly taken his departure from this city.

The Temps publishes a dispatch from Buenos Ayres stating that the Government and the leaders of the revolutionary movement had reached a settlement. President Celman, the dispatch says, has resigned and has been succeeded by Vice-President Pelligrini as President. Quiet has been restored.

THE GREATEST SINGERS.

A View of the World's Songsters From Early Times Down to Patti.

Agujari, whom Mozart heard when she was twenty-seven, had, according to his trustworthy testimony, a compass which extended to C in altissimo. Mara, the first great German singer, had two and three-quarters octaves, from low G to high E. Banti had three octaves, reaching high G. Mrs. Billington's voice ran from A to A, three octaves. Catalani ran to high G. Patti's voice, in its best days, extended from C below to high F. One of the greatest sopranos who ever lived, probably the greatest before Patti, was Angelica Catalani, born 1779, died 1848. Fetis and others speak of her voice as of marvelous purity, strength and range. It extended to G in altissimo. Miss Saunderson's "Eiffel tower note?" It is declared that no singer has ever surpassed her in the velocity and precision of her chromatic scales. But she had certain bad tricks. "One of her faults was that she could never execute certain passages without a very perceptible oscillation of the lower jaw, which made them, instead of being even as by reason of her voice, which was a pure, brilliant, flexible soprano.

She failed in the simple, pathetic style. In other words, her fioriture were not executed perfectly, as Patti's used to be, and she could not have sung "The Last Rose of Summer" or "Home, Sweet Home," with the same success.

Grisi, of course, can hardly be compared with Patti, because the former was a more dramatic singer, and even in "Sembramide," in which she was regarded as the successor of Pasta (an artist of tremendous dramatic power with a harsh and veiled voice conquered by severe training), she was triumphant quite as much by reason of her histrionic powers as by reason of her voice, which was a pure, brilliant, flexible soprano.

Malibran was another of the great stars of vocal history, but it is on record that "her style was married by a queer and remarkable taste in her choice of ornament." It was great that the improvisation of ornamental work is admissible at all, we must admit that Patti's intonations have generally been skilful. Malibran's voice, too, "was not faultless either in quality or uniformity." Patti certainly has been. Malibran's charm lay in the peculiar dramatic quality of her voice and in her powerful musical feeling and intelligence.

The greatest rival in the history of song was probably Jenny Lind. "Her voice was a soprano of bright, thrilling and remarkably sympathetic quality, from D to D, with another note or two occasionally available above the high D. The upper part of her register was rich and brilliant, and superior both in strength and purity to the lower. These two portions, she managed, however, to unite in a most skillful way, moderating the power of the upper notes so as not to outshine the lower." Her execution was wonderful, and she possessed a phenomenal length of breath. It is probably that in her best days Jenny Lind's powers of execution were quite as great as Patti's, but she was not quite so highly gifted in voice. Patti's compass being larger and her registers better equalized.—N. Y. Times.

—Fritz comes from school, takes his exercise-books and writes very busily. Mamma (delighted)—"That is the right way to do, my boy; that is the way to get good marks. What exercise are you writing?" The teacher said we must all learn this poem thoroughly by to-morrow morning or we should have to copy it, so I thought it would be better to write it to-night.—Fliegende Blatter.

—"Land, ho!" shouted the lookout. "Just listen to that," said Algy. "Did any one ever see a tub like that wasn't a land ho?" "Why, certainly," said Pauline. "You can see several feet of water here right on board."—Terre Haute Express.

—Lord Tennyson, though his health has improved recently, is said to be much broken by age and illness, and matches his physical decrepitude by a very obvious mental dryness.

—Servant-girl—"What are you up to, Johnny?" "Up to the preserves on the top shelf. Don't say nothin' to the woman will ye 'up to us.—Ep-ca.

COLLAPSED.

The Argentine Rebellion Comes to a Sudden End.

Desperate Fighting to the Finish—Conflicting Accounts of the Salvador-Guatemala War—A Revolution Reported.

London, July 30.—It is officially announced that the British Foreign Office has received telegraphic advices from Buenos Ayres that the revolution has ended in the triumph of the Government.

The Argentine legation in London received last night the following telegram signed by Minister of Finance Garcia:

Buenos Ayres, July 30—The Government is completely victorious. The mutineers have capitulated and deposited their arms in the arsenal. All rebellious superior officers will be dismissed. The troops are returning to their quarters under the command of loyal officers. The minor officers participating in the revolution will be transferred to positions of less influence. The forces mobilized by the Government are returning to the provinces. The political situation is thoroughly consolidated. The capital and the whole country are tranquil.

DETAILS OF THE DAY'S FIGHT.

London, July 30.—The Times has the following from Buenos Ayres:

Eight a. m.—The Union Civica pickets are extending. Provisional President Alem state that the negotiations are proceeding and are expected to be successful.

Nine a. m.—Both sides have been reinforced. The Celmanites are arming a number of Gaucho cutthroats at the Government House.

Twelve m.—The squadron is firing at the Government House. Firing has recommenced in several parts of the city. The Celmanites are evacuating their positions.

Two p. m.—Celman, Roca and all the Ministers have left the Government House and are now in The-Twenty-fifth-of-May street. The Presidential party has kept within the lines of the troops. Celman is deathly pale. Latterly every ship's shot save one has struck the Government house.

Four p. m.—Alem and Lopez state that they have ordered the squadron to cease firing. They are exciting their men away as quickly as possible. The reason the victorious Union Civica has practically yielded is because they have no cartridges left. They only had a hundred thousand instead of a million as they had calculated. The men wanted to attack with bayonets, but at the risk of their own lives the Union Civica chiefs declined to permit such terrible bloodshed.

Six p. m.—The Union Civica troops are quieter and more disposed to disarm.

CITY OF MEXICO, July 30.—A private telegram to a commercial house in this city states that in Saturday's battle the Salvadorians were defeated by the Guatemalans and sustained a loss of sixty killed, 200 wounded and a large number of prisoners. The Guatemalan loss was very light.

Geronimo l'on, agent of San Salvador, says that in the eleven battles to date the Salvadorians have come out victorious. The Guatemalan army is fleeing in all directions toward the interior and not a single Guatemalan soldier is left on the frontier.

A revolution against Barrillas has broken out in the Eastern Department. Several well known Generals head it and the downfall of the present Guatemalan Government is considered more than probable. Barrillas is pleading for foreign intervention in his behalf.

An Original Package Joint.

CLARINDA, Iowa, July 30.—Some ten days ago Fred Ullman was arrested, charged with running an original package house contrary to law, at Essex, this county. Justice Carter, of Shenandoah, found him guilty and assessed the punishment at $1,200 fine and 360 days in the county jail. The defendant demanded a new hearing, which was granted and conducted before Judge Carson Saturday. Yesterday the decision was rendered sustaining the lower court and reciting that inasmuch as the defendant opened the original packages and sold them in a different form from that in which he received them, he was guilty of violating the law.

The Johnstown Relief Funds.

HARRISBURG, Pa., July 30.—Secretary E. B. Cramer, of the Johnstown flood relief commission has just issued his report of the receipts and expenditures of the commission. The total contributions received were $2,912,346.30. The amounts paid out for relief in the Conemaugh valley were $2,506,936.66, and in the State outside of the Conemaugh valley $246,475.20, or a total of $2,845,148.53. The commission has a balance of $67,208.47 on hand. The secretary says the fairest apportionment possible was made in the distribution of the funds.

Clippings.

When an Indian wants to become a hero at Fort Pierre, Dak., he hustles around and finds a chunk of coal at the agency and then takes it to town and claims to have discovered an inexhaustible mine. Capitalists take him by the hand and the "world is his'n" until they find out where he found his specimen.

An Easte man has written a book of nearly two hundred pages on "The Disposal of Household Wastes." The best way to dispose of them can be told in a few words: "Put your arm around them."

Little Jimmy Edgecomb, almost a baby, had a terrible battle with a monster rat at Carthage, Ill., the other day. The child was playing in a room when the rodent attacked him, biting the child's head, severing an artery and causing the blood to flow in streams. The rat battled with the rat finally killing it with a broom-stick.

Chauncey Depew, who lately has seen greater Victoria for the first time, thinks "she is a wonderful woman" because "her eace lights up when she smiles."

A Boston piano company, employing 600 persons, has adopted the nine-hour day without reducing wages.

Colonel Ethan Allen, of New York, announces in very stentorian tones that "Cuba must be ours." The impetuous Colonel is a descendant of the famous Ethan who held Ticonderoga Allen, and the chances are that if Congress doesn't take steps pretty soon to annex Cuba he will go down and capture it.

Lord Tennyson, though his health has improved recently, is said to be much broken by age and illness, and matches his physical decrepitude by a very obvious mental dryness.

VEST ON THE TARIFF.

Senator Vest Vigorously Attacks the Pending Bill in the Senate.

WASHINGTON, July 29.—After some delay the Tariff bill was taken up in the Senate yesterday and Mr. Vest spoke in opposition to it. The advocates of high tariff taxation, he said, were confronted by a great peril. For years the farmers of the West, the bone whose home market was all they needed, and that the foreign market was a bagatelle, almost worthless. Now a great change had come. The depression in agricultural interests and the emphatic demands of the farmers for something beside lying statistics and frothy declamation had caused President Harrison and Mr. Blaine to urge upon Congress legislation for subsidies for steamships and for reciprocity treaties with the South American States in order to obtain a foreign market for American products. Very little was heard now of the home market, but a great deal of the South American market and of the rascally methods by which England had robbed the United States of valuable trade. Mr. Blaine now deprecated the putting of raw sugar on the free list, or of increasing the duties on wool, and suggested that the duties on sugar and wool should be utilized to secure free trade with the South American States. Thus at last the protectionists had been driven from their pretentious humbug about the home market and were forced to adopt the principle of free commercial intercourse which they had so long opposed and derided. The high priests of protection were now burning incense on the altars of free trade and were yelling for reciprocity treaties, subsidies to steam and sailing vessels, Pan-American conventions—any thing to bring about free trade with the South American States to secure the foreign market for American products.

Mr. Vest criticised the provisions of the pending bill that were supposed to be for the benefit of the farmers and said that what the farmers wanted was the opening and enlargement of foreign markets for their surplus wheat, cattle and pork and the decrease of the tariff duty on clothing, hardware, tin and other necessary articles of daily and incessant use by the farmer and his family. The time for soothing sirups and emollient applications was past and the full grown men who had been for years plundered under the pretext of a house market would be no longer satisfied with garbled statistics or with the purring official assurance that the farmer would be relieved by higher taxation. Of the proposed increase of duties on wheat, oats, barley, rye and other farm products he asked how it was possible to protect American farmers against a competition which did not exist. The whole thing was nothing but a pyramid of fraud and humbug. As to the proposed reduction of the duty on rice and rice flour he referred to it as an evidence of not only the unjust and wicked, but sectional character of both the House and Senate bills. Why, he asked, was that brutal discrimination made against the rice planters of the South? There could be but one answer—they voted the Democratic ticket. The pending bill was so repay the mill owners their contributions to the campaign fund of the Republican party during the last Presidential canvass, and as the planters of the South were Democrats and the negroes were regarded by the Republican managers as mere political chattels who could contribute nothing, the duties of Northern manufacturers were increased while the duty on rice was diminished. The proposed increase of the duty on cattle, while no cattle were imported except for breeding purposes, he characterized as the baldest and most disgusting piece of humbug ever exhibited even in politics.

Referring to the proposed increase of duty on tin-plate (of which $21,000,000 worth was imported from England last year), Mr. Vest said that it was for the purpose of forcing the people of the United States to use Pittsburgh galvanized tin. And this Nation, then, said he, asked Great Britain to remove her quarantine restrictions on American cattle and stood, with sword in hand, to prevent the importation of British goods, while it expects her to take without protection without a sword of objection. The farmer who could not see that he was the victim under the high tariff system was a hopeless pauper. The farmer furnished nearly four-fifths of the exports of the country and if the foreign market was unfriendly or absolutely closed against him he would have to keep his surplus products at home and help to lower prices by glutting the market. It was claimed that the tax on wool was for the farmer's protection, but all that he asked was that every farmer would put face to face all that he received for his wool and all that he paid for woolen clothing by reason of increasing taxation and then turn to the faces of wife and children for an answer. He asserted that the consumers of the United States were being systematically plundered under the pretense of protection to home industries. No further concealment was possible. The truth was at last revealed. The manufacturers who were persistently asking higher duties to exclude foreign competition were availing themselves of the monopoly given by the exclusive tariff to charge the people of this country from 20 to 70 per cent. higher for their goods than they could sell the same article for in the unprotected markets of the world. It was no longer protection, but pure, simple, naked plunder.

SCIENTIFIC SUNDRIES.

To give an idea of the kind of telephone cable which would be required to work under the ocean it has been calculated that the copper core would have to be as large around as a flour barrel, and the insulation the diameter of a hogshead.

Epidemics, such as influenza, are said to thrive when the supply of ozone in the air is insufficient. To counteract this Dr. Forster, of Berlin, has recently advocated the artificial supply of ozone to the air of towns and thickly-populated districts.

Dr. Weismann, a German biologist, is trying to show that artificial modification of living forms can be transmitted from one generation to another. He has cut the tails off some nine hundred white mice in the hope that they will breed a race of mice without tails.

Photography has apparently disproved the theories of the old-school metereologists, who maintained that lightning never turned back in its path. An examination of lightning photography shows that a flash not only turns back sometimes, but tangles itself into curious twists.

Straw is now about to be employed on a large scale for the making of gun-powder. The straw is pulverized, made thoroughly dry and then finished in a regular form for use. The new product is said to be one hundred and fifty per cent. stronger than an equal weight of ordinary gunpowder, and much superior in every respect.

In the investigation in New York as to electrical matters an expert declared that the number of volts which could be sent without danger to life varied greatly. A horny-handed man would be able to take perhaps two thousand volts without another could not take five hundred.

The necessary conclusions were that 2000,000,000 from tariff taxation. The protected pets of Congress, many of whom are in both Houses voting the people's money into their own pockets, are receiving at least $500,000,000. This is exclusive of all bounties on articles on which there is a high tariff tax which prohibits importation, or which keep down prices.

HUNGRY FOR BOUNTIES.

The Sugar Bounty Extended to the Maple Sugar Men, and Other Applicants For Public Pap Put to Work Their Claims—Now Let the Growers of Wheat and Cotton Speak Out—McKinley Makes a Weak Defense of His Bounty By a Misfit Quotation From Hamilton.

Once the Government starts out to giving bounties there will be no point at which it can stop without leaving many unhappy bounty-hunters grumbling because they were left out in the cold.

No sooner was it known that McKinley gave a bounty of two cents a pound on sugar than the Vermont people, who produce a small quantity of maple sugar, beset the Senate Finance Committee and pleaded to be included in the bounty clause of the bill.

Of course they could bring forward very strong arguments. "Why make a discrimination against our maple sugar? Is it not sugar, too, just as well as cane or beet-root sugar? Does it not grow or beet-root sugar? Does it not grow out of the ground—and American ground at that? Does it not require labor—American labor? Why not pay all American sugar on the same footing?"

Well, the Senate committee said that the maple sugar men had the better of the argument, and so maple sugar goes into the bill for the two-cent bounty on every pound produced. Thus the makers of maple sugar, as well as the growers of cane and beet-root sugar, are to be paid to do their own business—paid out of taxes collected from the people.

As the Senate committee showed itself to be so generous to the maple sugar men other bounty-hunters have come forward to ask an extension of Government charity. This time it is the makers of grape sugar and glucose, which are largely used to adulterate other products. They have also as American article, employ American labor, and make a sugar too. Why should they be left out? They are just as thirsty for Government aid as any of the other sugar makers. Now let us see whether the Senate committee can give any good reason for not taking the grape sugar and glucose men in out of the cold?

If McKinley and his tariff-makers were asked why it is necessary to give a bounty on sugar they would talk about our sugar-growers not being able to compete with the cheap labor of the West Indies, South America and Germany; and they would give you carefully constructed tables showing the wages of farm laborers in those countries. Of course, they will say, our sugar-growers can not compete with the cheap labor, and therefore we must help them in the unequal struggle by giving them a bounty.

But does not McKinley see that if the cheap-labor argument is to be used to defend the sugar bounty, the same argument would apply equally well to the growers of wheat and cotton? The growers of American wheat are compelled to sell their crop in competition with the cheap labor of Russia and India; and the American cotton-growers must meet on the wharves of Liverpool the cotton produced by the miserably paid labor of India and Egypt. How can they do this without a bounty? Are not the wheat and cotton growers good and true American citizens? Do they not give employment to American labor?

When Mr. McKinley brought his Tariff bill into the House he accompanied it with a report in which he attempted to bolster up his sugar bounty by quoting Alexander Hamilton, and applied "that the sanction of so high an authority in American statesmanship could be involved."

Then he makes a quotation from Hamilton in defense of bounties; but the quotation itself shows in plain black and white that Hamilton was advocating bounties "to stimulate and uphold new enterprises;" they were to be applied "to the acquisition of a new and useful branch of industry," and Hamilton's bounty was to be "a temporary expense."

Seldom has a public man ever quoted an authority so inaptly as McKinley did in this case; for sugar-growing is not "a new industry" under the most liberal interpretation of Hamilton's words; and to speak of the "acquisition" of it is simply a gross misuse of the English language. Again, Hamilton speaks of a "temporary" expense for the establishment of an industry. What right has McKinley to assume that at the end of his fifteen years' bounty the sugar-growing industry will be any more able to stand on its own feet than it is to-day? It has already existed long enough to develop the necessary skill; and it is folly to hope that the bounty will have the slightest effect in developing a greater degree of skill in our sugar-making process, or that this greater skill will be added as a permanent factor in the wealth-producing capacity of the Nation.

As the matter stands McKinley gives the sugar men $7,000,000 a year out of the people's taxes; but how that will grow to in fifteen years nobody can tell. It may be twice as much or it may be ten times as much. But if the sum should even remain the same, that would mean $105,000,000 for the fifteen years—which is certainly an enormous sum to pay people for doing their own private business.

McKinley, however, is a champion when it comes to knocking out a surplus. But he sees that the people are going to object to giving away this enormous sum of money; and so he fixes the duration for a period of fifteen years, hoping that thereby future Congresses can not undo his iniquitous bounty clause.

Smuggling at New York.

Extensive smuggling of clothing has been detected by the Government officials in New York. The stewards, cooks and other employes of the great ocean steamers were hired to bring over the bundles of clothing, which were finally carried ashore in bundles of linen for the laundry.

The thing has been going on for a long time, but the recent seizure of a number of bundles of clothing and the arrest of several of the guilty persons will make the smugglers lie low for the future, and all orders for smuggled clothing will doubtless be "declared off."

But how does it happen that men find it profitable to smuggle? Have not the protectionist politicians been telling us all along that clothes are as cheap here as in Europe?

There must be some mistake about this. The smugglers are a standing proof that this is all poppycock. The smugglers are, in their way, a capital tariff reform argument.

As a matter of fact clothing cost about twice as much here as in England; and this can be proven over and over again.

But McKinley himself gives the best answer to this false claim of his protectionist brethren—he raises the high duty on clothing to a still higher point and tells us boldly in his tariff speech: "We want no return to cheap times in our own country."

If clothing were the same price here as in Europe the smuggler's occupation—and McKinley's too for that matter—would be gone.